

VOCAL PARTS
OF THE
DRAUGHTS
OF THE
APOLLO
AND
DAPHNE.

AND

DAPHNE.

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1875

DAVID
H. FOSTER

VOCAL PARTS
OF AN
ENTERTAINMENT,
CALLED

Apollo and Daphne:

Or, the BURGO-MASTER Trick'd.

As Perform'd at the

THEATRE ROYAL

*IN
Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

The Fourth Edition, with Alterations and
Additions.



L O N D O N:

Printed for T. Wood, and Sold at the *Theatre Royal*
in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.* 1726. Price 6d.

VOCAL PARTS

OF AN

Vocal Characters.

CALL'D

VENUS,

Mrs. Barbier.

DIANA,

Mrs. Chambers.

COUPES,



MORPHEUS,

Mr. Leveridge.

MYSTERY,

Mr. Leguerre.

SLUMBER,

Mr. Salway.

HUNTERS,

{ Mr. Leveridge.
Mr. Leguerre.
Mr. Salway.

BACCHUS,

Mr. Salway.

PAN,

Mr. Leguerre.

SILENUS,

Mr. Leveridge.



APOLLO and DAPHNE.

SCENE I.

A Magnificent Palace discover'd.
VENUS attended with Graces
and Pleasures.

VENUS.

LET Him still brave my Son and
(Me,
Proud and disdainful God!
Yet, *Phæbus*, shall thy stubborn
(Heart be bow'd,
And Thou my Pow'r in my Resentment feel.—
DAPHNE has such resistless Charms,
That, gazing, He must love: - - -

B

Tho'

(2)

Tho' ev'ry healing Plant be thine,
They shall not cure thy Wound: Those Arts,
Which aid the World, shall lend no Aid to
(Thee,

Vain were Graces,
Blooming Faces,
Beauty's Charms, or *Cupid's* Dart;

If a Lover
Could recover,
Or, at Pleasure, guard his Heart.

With Speed, my faithful Foll'wers go,
A Place prepare, where mighty Love
His all-subduing Pow'rs may prove,
There Juices shed, there Flow'rets strew;
Whose magick Force shall work th' Effect
T' avenge this willful God's Neglect.

Inchant the Ground, and Love shall lead,
His Steps in DAPHNE'S Steps to tread.

[*Exeunt VENUS, and her
Graces, &c. severally.*

S C E N E



S C E N E II.

*The Stage darken'd with Clouds
to represent the Night. MOR-
PHEUS descends in a black
Robe, spangled with Stars,
his Head crown'd with Pop-
pies, and a Leaden Mace in
his Hand.*

MORPHEUS.

NOW fable-vested Clouds o'erspread
The darken'd Globe; now hazy Dews
And humid Vapours soft distil,
Inviting to Repose. . . .

Enter MYSTERY, to him.

Myst. ————— Behold !

MYST'RY, thy faithful Slave, attends,
Wakeful alone to thy Commands:
And, see, the Partner of my Cares,
SLUMBER, at hand thy secret Rites to aid.

Enter SLUMBER, on the other Side.

Slum. Soft! — A dead Stillness o'er the
(World prevails;
My Pow'rs diffus'd have stifled Sound.

Morph. 'Tis well; - - Together, wrapp'd
(in Shade,
We'll tread the gloomy WASTE of Air.
Ocean forgets to swell his Waves;
The rustling Breath of Winds is hush'd;
And Brooks scarce murmur as they glide.
Only the Midnight Screech-Owl's Voice,
And Howl of Wolves presume to break
The solemn Silence of our Reign.
Ev'n Man, unquiet Man, 's at Rest.

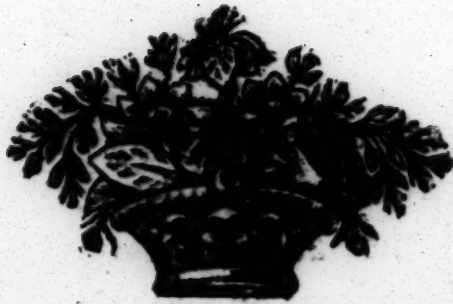
All three. { Mortals, whom anxious Passions fway,
Whom Cares perplex, and Toils decay,
All their Relief from Night receive.

Slum.

Hum. In soothing Dreams they taste the Joy,
Myft. Which Day and waking Hours destroy,
Morph. 'Tis, when they sleep, alone they live.

All three: { Mortals, whom anxious Passions sway,
 Whom Cares perplex, and Toils decay,
 All their Relief from Night receive.

[After the Air, they all Three ascend.
 The Night disappears, and leaves
 the Morning.



SCENE



S C E N E III.

*The Side of a Wood. Several
Huntsmen enter, and perform
the Following*

B A L L A D.

HARK, hark, the chearful Horns are
(founding,
From Hill to Hill, the Notes rebounding,
Call to the Chace, come, come away.

I.

The sweet rosy Morning
Peeps over the Hills,
With Blushes adorning
The Meadows and Fields.

C H O R U S.

*The merry, merry Horns,
Call again, come away,
Wake from your dull Slumbers
And hail the new Day.*

The

II.

The Stag rouz'd before us
 Away seems to fly,
 And pants to the Chorus
 Of Hounds in full Cry.

C H O R U S.

*Then follow, follow, follow,
 The musical Chace,
 Where Pleasure, and vig'rous
 Health you embrace.*

III.

The Day's Sport, when over,
 Makes Blood circle right,
 And gives the brisk Lover
 Fresh Charms for the Night.

C H O R U S.

*Then let us enjoy
 All we can, while we may;
 Let Love crown the Night,
 As our Sports crown the Day.*

Another



Another **BALLAD.**

CHORUS

I.

H Ark, hark, the Huntsman sounds his Horn
A Call so musical chides the Drone,

Ton, ton, &c.

The Clangor wakes the drowsy Morn,
The Woods re-echo the sprightly Tone.

Ton, ton, &c.

II.

The loud-tongu'd Cry the Concert fill,
Our Steeds with Neighing salute the Dawn.

Ton, ton, &c.

We mount, and now we climb the Hill,
Then swift descending we sweep the Lawn.

Ton, ton, &c.

III. The

III.

The distant Stag our Accent hears,
Our Accent, fatal to him alone,

Ton, ton, &c.

He rousing starts, and wing'd with Fears,
Forfakes the Thicket to seek the Down.

Ton, ton, &c.

IV.

Altho' *Diana* claims the Field,
The Woods and Forests tho' all her own,

Ton, ton, &c.

The Groves to *Venus* let her yield,
Where we may follow her sportive Son.

Ton, ton, &c.

V.

What Joy to trace the blooming Lads,
Thro' darksome Grotto's, with Moss o'ergrown,

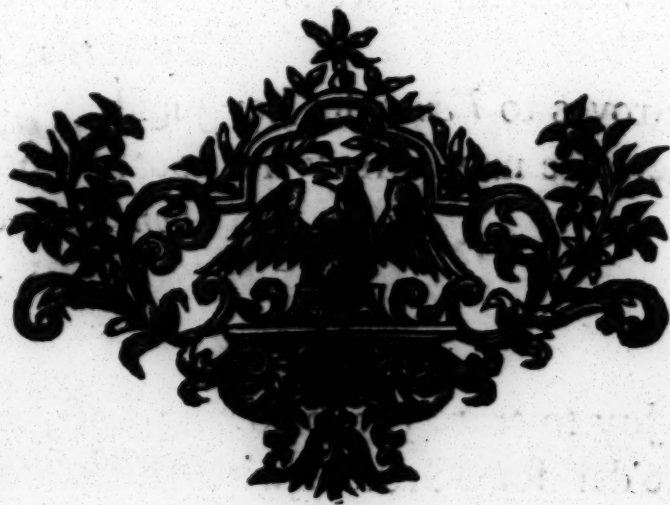
Ton, ton, &c.

What Harmony can ours surpass,
When joining Chorus with Dove-like Moan.

Ton, ton, &c.

VI.

In various Sports the Day thus spent,
 Fatigu'd with Pleasures, when Night comes on,
Ton, ton, &c,
 Our Limbs tho' tir'd, our Heart's content,
 With Wine regaling, all Cares we drown.
Ton, ton, &c.



S C E N E



S C E N E IV.

*A Bower magnificently adorn'd
with all things proper for the
Reception of Love ; BACCHUS,
PAN and SILENUS assist-
ing at the Festival, attended
with Satyrs, Fawns and Sil-
vans, with several Dancers,
who represent different Parts of
the World, who acknowledge
Love's Power, and attend his
Triumph.*

BACCHUS.

NAY, prithee, *Silenus*,

PAN.

—— Come back, — be perswaded,
Thy Carcass with Age, and Debauches, is jaded,

BACCHUS.

'Tis a Satire, to think — that Figure can prove
A Grace to the delicate Triumphs of Love.

SILENUS.

Away — you are Shrimps — and I ne'er yet
(cou'd hear
That to be undesir'd — was a Charm to the
(Fair;
The Damsels of Judgment, whenever they
(kiss us,
Always chuse an *Alcides*, before a *Narcissus*.

PAN.

But those Damsels of Judgment, in rational
(counting,
That sigh for a Hero, wou'd fly from a Moun-
(tain.

SILENUS.

No more — *Silenus* still shall prove
The faithful Votary to Love;
Here, in full Force, young *Cupid* reigns,
And Pleasure trickles thro' my Veins.

AIR.

A I R.

See a Form and Mien inviting,
 Ruddy Cheeks Desire exciting;
 Charms, in spite of Age, still blooming;
 Grace and Vigour unconsuming,

From these sprightly Juices flow.

Virgins, you, who think possessing,

Real Pleasure is a Blessing,

Scorn the whining,

Meager pining,

Self-admiring,

Still desiring,

Unperforming pale-fac'd Beau.

*A Grand Entry, in which F L O R A
 represents an Inconstant, and is
 born away by Z E P H Y R U S.*



S C E N E



S C E N E V.

*Enter VENUS follow'd by the
Graces and Pleasures, DIANA
with Dryads, and other Forest
Nymphs: They attend CUPID,
who is brought in a Triumphant
Chariot, drawn by CUPIDS, seated
on the Ensigns of the Gods, as his
Trophies.*

Ven.

Dian.

Both.

Am'rous Kisses,

Nuptial Blisses,

Lover's Pleasures,

Cupid's Treasures,

{ Are the Sweets that Life improve.

Dian.

Ven.

Both.

Still to languish

With sweet Anguish,

Softly sighing,

Murm'ring, dying,

{ Are th' immortal Gifts of Love.

CHORUS.

(15)

CHORUS.

Raise the Trophies, raise them high,
Mighty Love the Conquest gains;
Let, who dares his Pow'r defy,
Live unworthy of his Chains.

F I N I S.



CHOCOLATE



THE
FARM
HOUSE
OF
THE
CHURCH

